

The Heart of Hope



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To The Public

The Centenary of the birth of ABRAHAM LINCOLN marks a milestone in the history of civilization, and its universal celebration was like a Jubilee of Liberty. Probably never before was the character and career of any man so profoundly studied by so many people at one time, and this is not strange; because the record of his life from lowly cabin to the pinnacle of power and the martyr's halo reads more like romance than reality and for a sublime epic in the powers and possibilities of Democracy.

Among the many masterly lectures and eloquent tributes which this great occasion inspired was one by Col Jasper T. Darling, delivered at the Armour Institute, the First United Presbyterian Church of Chicago, The Chicago South Side Club, and before various Grand Army Posts and other Commemorative gatherings. Its wealth of biographical data, keen and sympathetic analysis, and royal rhetoric make it a valuable contribution to the Lincolniana of the period and to patriotic literature. The requests for its delivery were so numerous and the demands that it be published were so urgent that we have caused it to be printed, with the hope that it may in some measure enhance the love of the great Emancipator and swell the tides of patriotism.

QUIN O'BRIEN.

JOSEPH ROSENBAUM.

THOMAS H. GAULT.

ROBERT MANN WOODS.

JNO. F. SCANLAN.

Committee.

Chicago, Feb. 18th, 1909.

The Heart of Hope

Standing within this vast Temple of Liberty, and surveying the great characters that have made it enduring and sublime, we see one who rises high above all the rest—one who, in meekness and humility, came upon the field of strenuous toil, fulfilled a mission almost beyond the measure of human power, and then departed, leaving a name loved and revered as none other since Freedom's History began.

To-day every believer in the law of truth, and every lover of right and of righteousness throughout this broad land, bows in prayerful meditation, giving thanks unto God that he raised up Abraham Lincoln, and clothed him in raiments of power, that he might stand at the helm of our SHIP OF STATE while the tempests were beating and threatening to engulf, and that he was spared until the storms were stilled—until the righting ship rode the resting waves, no longer menaced by the destroying hand of hostile hosts.

And patriotism does well to lift its voice in commemorating the humble life, the unselfish deeds, and the steadfast devotion of the one man of his generation, the grandeur of whose might and the majesty of whose wisdom enabled him to rise above the tides of discord, of passions and partisan strife, to bring order out of chaos, and to exercise that far-seeing judgment which came as from a super-human mind.

That Abraham Lincoln was born to a Destiny none will doubt or contradict, and none will disclaim that he fulfilled his mission with such rare genius and such remarkable statecraft—such tenderness and love for even the lowliest of his people, that he became the most conspicuous figure of the mighty age in which he lived; and the recollection of his deeds will remain fragrant and eternal, ever shining like a lifted constellation amid the heaven of men's memory as long as the sunlight of Liberty emblazons the banner of human progress.

A hundred years have passed since the birth of this lowly Son of the Western World, and to-day the multiplied millions of the greatest and the grandest Government on earth are meditating upon the grandeur of his life, and rejoicing that God's Providence prepared him to lead the Nation through the dark years of its deadly peril, and that he was spared to hear the first glad acclaim of the coming jubilee.

Every hamlet joins in the thanksgiving, and every pulpit is giving forth its praise. The doors of colleges and schools are thrown open, that student-minds may be enriched with lessons upon his marvelous career.

Inspiring choruses and memorial music mingle their choral anthems amid the teaching of the day which marks the Centenary of Abraham Lincoln's birth.

The broad field which should be covered in a discourse like this is quite in conflict with the brevity which the occasion demands; therefore, in order to treat the question of time with the

greatest frugality, we will divide the story of his life into three parts.

We will first briefly refer to his ancestry, and then we will indulge in a more comprehensive retrospect of that period, when, all unconsciously, he was preparing for the most stupendous struggle and the most trying task that fell to the lot of any man during the Nineteenth Century.

Some historians claim that his ancestry can be traced back to a historic family in England, from which Samuel Lincoln came to America in 1637, and settled in Salem, and then moved to Hingham, Mass.

From this family, Massachusetts was honored by two of her early Governors—both named Levi Lincoln.

A grandson of Samuel migrated to Pennsylvania, and from thence other descendants moved to Virginia, and still others to Harden County, Kentucky where Abraham was born February 12, 1809.

Mr. Lincoln, himself, traced his lineage back to Pennsylvania, and there stopped by saying: "they were Quaker."

Of himself he said: "My early life is characterized in a single line of Gray's Elegy—"the short and simple annals of the poor."

Thomas Lincoln, Abraham's father, was decidedly poor and illiterate, but his mother, whose maiden name was Nancy Hanks, possessed a fair education and much refinement.

She loved books and preferred study by herself, rather than to indulge in the ordinary pastimes and pleasures of her mates. She was deeply religious, and possessed a sweet and amiable disposition—traits so richly exempli-

fied in the life and character of her illustrious Son.

When Abraham was in his eighth year they migrated to Spencer County, Indiana, where he grew up, his time being almost constantly occupied in hard work. Of this period in his life he said: "Of course when I came of age I did not know much; still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the "Rule of Three," but that was all."

Two years after their arrival in Indiana Abraham's mother died. His grief was intense, and he ever held her memory in sweet and sacred embrace. She had already impressed his young mind with the value of learning, and he was quick to respond to her wishes. Throughout his life he always spoke of her as his "saintly mother."

By diligent application, alone and unaided by teachers, he was laying the foundation for the great life, yet unseen, and undreamed of, ahead.

His entire attendance at schools did not embrace the length of time equal to a single year.

History says: "He would gather spice-wood brushes, hack them up on a log, and burn them two or three together for the purpose of giving light by which he might pursue his studies."

Paper was an impossibility, and so his figuring he often did upon the back of a wooden shovel, then scraped or shaved off the surface ready to cover it again with his examples; and so he progressed, and conquered arithmetic to "The Rule of Three."

What condition can we imagine that would offer greater discouragements than these?

Let the brightest boy of to-day—

one who has the doors of the grade schools, the high school, and, perhaps, the college, thrown open to him—let him consider what his chances would be to reach name and fame, were he subjected to such difficulties in securing an education.

Is there one lad in a million, yes! in ten millions! who would struggle on with the firmness and resolution of this youth of the frontier?

And yet, for a mind like that possessed by this pioneer boy, is it not reasonable to believe that the hardships, the sorrows and struggles, which he endured, and over which he serenely triumphed, were the essential and indispensable experiences for the expansion of his mind and body, that he might be the better prepared for the great duties which Destiny had laid out for him to perform?

Sometimes, as I contemplate, always with renewed interest and deeper emotion, his remarkable career, I liken him unto a gnarled oak upon the bold hill-side.

I have watched the tempests grappling the trees of the great forest. I have seen the winds twisting and struggling with the clustering trunks, their branches reaching out like friendly arms, helping to hold and sustain one another.

And then I have stood in awe and admiration, as I beheld the lone tree—the gnarled oak, assailed by all the mighty furies of the gathering storm. I have seen the tempest subside, only to renew its attack with greater power, wrestling with the lone giant, and threatening to tear it up, root and branch, from the mother earth.

I have seen the trees of the forest

bend and break before the storm, but the lone sentinel stood in serene defiance of all the elements hurled against it.

And so it was with the heroic and sturdy life of him whom we memorialize to-day.

His face was furrowed with lines of sorrow. As a lad of ten years he stood beside the dead form of his devoted mother, whom he loved far better than his own life.

Eight years later the wounds of his yearning heart were opened anew as he mourned over the grave of his affectionate sister.

These early sorrows tempered his heart that he might hear the pleadings of grief, outpoured by others, in the great years to be.

He had listened to the story of how his grandfather had been massacred by a savage from ambush. He lived amid the great forests. He learned to be alert for the lurking foe. These things gave him that courage which stood in good stead when the trying ordeals arose—when beset by enemies on every side.

The Bible was the only book his home possessed. He read it over and over again. He committed much of its contents to memory. That helped to enrich his mind, and gave him a knowledge invaluable in after years.

He secured a copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Aesop's fables, a history of the United States, and *Weem's Life of Washington*.

He made a long journey on foot to borrow a copy of Kirkham's English grammar, which he patiently studied and mastered, until he was able to speak grammatically correct.

It must be borne in mind, that, in those days, laborers worked "from sun to sun," and so, after the close of a long, hard day, while others slept, this country lad studied on long into the night, filling the wondrous store-house of his hungry brain with that material which was enriching his mind, strengthening it, and rendering it capable of absorbing greater knowledge, and, finally, to grapple with the mightiest problems in the crisis of all time.

You will read romance in vain to find a life like this. No such vicissitudes of fortune have ever found place in legend or history, as the plain, unpretentious story, told in the life of Abraham Lincoln.

It would be unfair to depart from this period without referring to his noble and devoted step-mother. She was a most estimable woman—a widow—whom his father had returned to Kentucky to marry, and he immediately brought her, with her three children, to his wilderness home. Her coming was like the joy of sunlight in the drear and desolate abode of Abraham and his sister, who had anxiously awaited their father's return.

The advent of the widow Johnston, as Mrs. Lincoln, in a great measure dispelled the gloom, and brought happiness to the entire household. A deep and lasting attachment sprang up between her and young Abraham. Like his own mother, she encouraged him to pursue his studies, and often she was known to predict that, "some day he would become a great and famous man"—a prediction which she lived to see abundantly fulfilled.

In the early spring, just following young Abraham's 21st birthday, his

father gathered together his all and migrated to Illinois, settling on the banks of the Sangamon.

There young Lincoln, although he had reached his majority, remained for a year, helping the family with his strong hands and ready heart. There he split the "historic rails" from the tall trees of the primeval forest.

This was the rounding out of the first period in a life that was destined to become the most illustrious in the Western World.

At twenty-two—the age when future leaders are about to step from college doors to waiting position, furnished by wealth and influence, this uncouth and uncomely "child of the forest" must venture alone into the great march of civilization.

Could some angel-hand have thrown aside the curtain, and there pictured him standing at the helm of this majestic "SHIP OF STATE," holding her steady in her course, guiding her amid the breakers, bravely battling, and conquering every foe, and, at last, sailing her in triumph through the troubled seas, what credulity could have believed it?—and yet! he lived to see it.

While a boy in Indiana young Lincoln had made a trip to New Orleans on a flat-boat freighted with produce. This venture was repeated when he was twenty-two, and upon this occasion he had an experience which made a deep and lasting impression upon his mind.

They remained one month in the "Crescent City," which gave Mr. Lincoln his first opportunity of seeing and

studying the inhumane side of slavery.

He saw negroes in chains. He saw them whipped and scourged. He saw them subjected to all the horrors and inhumanities which cruelty could invent. He beheld the real chains. He saw the black side of bondage.

His heart rebelled, and his conscience was aroused to a full realization of what the institution meant.

Upon one occasion they saw a comely and fine featured "octoroon" placed upon the auction block for sale to the highest bidder.

Mr. Lincoln watched the men as they gathered about and contended for the human prize. His heart revolted at the spectacle, and, as he later expressed himself, he "was filled with unconquerable hate."

He called his companions away and, with deep emotion said: "Boys! if I ever get a chance to hit the institution of slavery, I'll hit it hard!"

One of his companions later remarked: "Slavery ran the Iron into Abraham Lincoln then and there."

With this light before us, disclosing the hardships which had beset this young man at every step, the impress indelibly stamped upon his mind, showing the horrors of human slavery; and then as we contemplate, with a clear comprehension, the goal he reached, the glory and the granduer of his career, may we not reasonably ask ourselves these questions:

Was the hand of God leading him?

Was a Divine power guiding him?

What influences can we conjecture that would have better served to mould and make strong the mind of this gentle, loving, country lad for the great and trying tasks which Destiny had

decreed that he must bear?

What agencies could have been devised by mortal mind that would have been more potent in nerving the heart and bracing the hand of Freedom's foremost advocate, when the supreme hour should come, that he might deal that thunder-bolt of justice which was to send slavery and rebellion reeling to a common grave before the bayonets of "THE BOYS IN BLUE."

But let us look along the vast and victorious highway, over which Fate was to lead him, with the light of Truth his ever bright and guiding star.

And then we will gaze towards the mountain steeps, up which he was to climb, his course beset by dangers on every side, pitfalls everywhere, the voice of rebellion, secession and treason ever ringing in his ears, and then the most momentous struggle—the most sanguinary struggle in all the mighty tide of time.

At twenty-three he enlisted in the government service to go and fight the Black Hawk Chief.

He was elected Captain of his Company, and that gave him the confidence of command.

The war being soon over, he returned to private life; but not into obscurity. His brief military experience had placed him before the people in a new light.

His developed manhood was fast disclosing the power of a superior mind, and also of remarkable inspirations.

He had learned to speak, and his words, always well chosen, especially when in the heat of debate, were hurled, like the arrow from its quiver, to hit the mark.

At twenty-five he was elected to the

Legislature of Illinois, and there served, by successive re-elections, for eight years.

This placed him upon the platform of debate where his persuasive logic was well applied, and with great effect.

He was yet unable to buy law books, the study of which he had already begun, but he borrowed from his friends, and rapidly developed his receptive mind with legal lore.

He then served a single term in Congress, which introduced him into the arena of National life.

His gentleness of manner and his genius of mind were rapidly winning him a place in the field of fame; and yet, at the age of forty years, he betrayed no premonition of the great destiny which awaited him.

By many it was believed that he sought the legal profession only as a stepping-stone to the forum, from whence he might strike the mighty blows which he knew, and which he had well understood for years, must be administered "with firmness for the right, as God was giving the Nation to see the right," or that this great Republic must "perish from the earth," and above its remains be reared only the semblance of a Government, such as cursed disintegrating Rome, and sent her down into final, and complete decay.

Mr. Lincoln had faithfully studied the Constitution of the United States, and he had fathomed the meaning of the Fathers.

He thoroughly mastered the doctrine of STATE SOVEREIGNTY AND STATE SUPREMACY as taught by John C. Calhoun, and he clearly comprehended the menace of such teachings against the Nation's life.

With equal interest he penetrated the treasonable lessons of "NULLIFICATION" as announced by Robert Y. Hayne, and launched by him with all the strength of his fiery eloquence.

Mr. Lincoln well understood that those teachings were like unto sowing the seed which was sure to grow a harvest of dragons teeth.

He saw but small hope in the "COMPROMISE MEASURES" of Henry Clay; but he did clearly understand that the South was resolved to expand slave territory, no matter at what cost, or by what measures reached.

With consternation he beheld their institution advancing, even as a venomous serpent, winding its coils around all barriers, and crushing all restraint.

The "MISSOURI COMPROMISE" was made, only to be broken, and, unless some unseen power—some superhuman power—was soon to come to the rescue, Mr. Lincoln could see no permanent hope.

With unerring vision he scanned the vast horizon, and he foresaw a conflict ahead.

Just four years previous to his inauguration, as President, the Supreme Court adjudicated a case which became world-famous. It was known as the "DRED SCOTT DECISION."

Slave owners had influenced the withholding of this decree until their chosen, and obedient representative—James Buchanan—could be seated in the White House.

By this decision the North plainly saw that it stood face to face with a cold, unyielding truth—that the all-consuming power of slavery had at last reached and polluted the fountain of Federal Justice. By this verdict.

startling in the extreme, slavery was at once legalized in every state of the Union—North as well as South.

This act aroused Mr. Lincoln to his mightiest efforts, and it awakened his loftiest energies.

He had passed his forty-ninth birthday. He stood at the forefront of his profession in Illinois.

He had developed the power of an intellectual giant.

Like Galileo, he studied a subject from its every side; he carefully weighed "cause and effect," and, when he gave his decision, his reasoning and his logic were unanswerable.

He once said: "The real issue in this country is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle." And then he exclaimed: "Unless slavery is wrong, nothing is wrong."

The principle of Right was his doctrine, and in that faith he went with firmness forward, resolved to do his duty.

Against him appeared the chief advocate of "SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY," and other measures, intended to calm and conciliate the South, and cause them to recede from their oft repeated threats to withdraw from the Union.

This adversary was Stephen A. Douglas, known as "THE LITTLE GIANT"—a man of craft and cunning, and yet a man of wonderful mind and of resourceful argument.

The histories of the JOINT DEBATES between Lincoln and Douglas are immortal. They will be prized as

masterpieces of logic and of oratory as long as the names of great men live.

A few of the chief utterances of Mr. Lincoln's are imperative that we may the more clearly comprehend the grandeur of his debate and the genius of rugged brain.

Looking far back across the political horizon, and then peering, with his penetrating gaze, into the dark and uncertain future, he exclaimed:

"Under the operations of the policy of compromise, the slavery agitation not only has not ceased, but it has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a CRISIS SHALL HAVE BEEN REACHED AND PASSED." "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free."

How powerful his logic! How complete his prophesy!

"A CRISIS SHALL HAVE BEEN REACHED AND PASSED."

Could he see a vision through the mists of hastening years?

And was he there enabled to discern the deaths—the desolations—the trials, the travail of a fratricidal war?

Could he see the gathering hosts marching along the winding ways, from the hill tops, the valleys and the plains?

And could he hear their brave hurrahs—the voices of those ready to do and to die?—"WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM, THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE!"

Often he had remarkable dreams and vivid presentiments. Upon one occasion he saw himself pale and silent, and the shades of night gathering about. This

vision troubled him, and he became deeply depressed. Confiding in Mrs. Lincoln, he related to her his experience, and how he felt. He could not cast this premonition aside.

Was it the presentiment of that fate which awaited him?

Could he see, amid the Crisis which he had pictured, himself the central figure, and around him the faithful, the vigilant and the brave?

And were his melancholy eyes able to behold another "Calvary"—another "Cross," his own form bent with burden and toil, bearing it onward through a Gethsemane of baptismal blood to that haven beyond the tides where he was to meet the myriads of his own—they whose choruses of victory, of liberty, and of uplifted humanity are still heard by some of us away in the far distance, as memory wafts the sound?

"In the beauty of the lillies,
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom
That transfigures you me:
As he died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."

Fifty years have gone since Abraham Lincoln was struggling with the question of human slavery, which he knew, and which the whole world knew, must be restrained, or this Republic would go down into the all-containing sepulchre with the great Republics of the Eastern World.

With all the earnestness and with all the eloquence of a master-mind—with all the power of his heroic soul, he met, and silenced, every argument hurled against him by Mr. Douglas,

and by all others whose weapons were "worthy of his steel."

He regarded Northern soil as too sacred for the polluting tread of slavery.

Upon one occasion, in a flight of oratory, he exclaimed: "'Broken by it I, too, may be, bow to it I never will."

"The probability that we may fail in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause which we deem is just. It shall not deter me.

"If I ever feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy its Mighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country deserted by all the world besides, and I, standing up boldly and alone, and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors.

"Here, without contemplating consequences, before High Heaven, in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love."

What nobler or more heroic words ever fell from human lips!

As the rocket-signal soars heavenward on fiery wings, piercing the midnight air, guiding the legions in battle-array; so the utterances of Abraham Lincoln rose to heights sublime, and pointed the goal for Freedom's hosts to march through storms and strife to victory.

But what pathos do we see there woven within his mighty words when we scan the field, and reflect how, under his leadership, our Republic was saved to become the Day-Star amid all the Nation's of the earth, while he fell in the hour of his matchless triumph and immortal renown!

The Debates drew to a close, but not until Mr. Lincoln had pilloried his political adversary, and removed him as a possibility for election to the highest office at the gift of a Sovereign People.

Two years went by; it was 1860, and the greatest battle in the political history of the Nation was at hand.

Mr. Lincoln had reached a lofty place in the powerful West. The patriotic East called for him, and anticipated his coming.

It was February the 27th, at Cooper Union New York.

Of him and the occasion an observer said:

"His great stature singled him out from the crowd; his rugged features bore the furrows of hardships and struggle; his deep-set eyes looked sad and anxious.

In repose, his countenance gave little evidence of that brain power which had raised him from the lowest to the highest station among his countrymen.

It was a great audience, including all the noted men, all the learned and cultured of his party in New York and environs—Editors, Clergymen. Statesmen, Lawyers, Merchants, Critics.

They were all curious to hear him.

His fame as a powerful speaker had preceded him, and exaggerated rumors of his wit had reached the East.

When Mr. Bryant presented him on the high platform at Cooper Institute a vast sea of eager, upturned faces greeted him, full of intense curiosity to see what this rude child of the people was like.

He was equal to the occasion.

When he spoke he was transformed;

his eyes kindled; his voice rang; his face shone and seemed to light up the whole assembly. His theme was the **CONSTITUTION**.

He spoke for one hour and thirty minutes.

He held his audience as in the hollow of his hand.

They greeted his utterances with mighty cheers.

He closed with these immortal words:

"Let us not be slandered or intimidated to turn from our duty. Eternal right makes might. As we understand our duty, let us do it."

The vast hall rang from pit to dome with tumultuous applause. The ever loyal East echoed, and the press resounded with congratulations.

He met them a stranger; he left them crowned with the wreathings of fame.

Mr. Lincoln was the logical candidate to lead the new political party to its awaiting triumph.

On the 18th day of May following he was nominated, and on the 6th day of November he was elected President of the United States.

He had passed the last milestone in the second period of his career.

He stood upon the threshold of the future—a future laden with dangers and fraught with difficulties, such as never before had confronted a chosen magistrate.

As the time drew near when he must depart to take up the reins of Government he went to his old home to bid adieu to his devoted stepmother. Of

this parting history says: "When he bent his tall frame down to her old and shrunken figure to kiss her good bye, she put her arms on his shoulders, and, looking earnestly and tenderly in his eyes, she said "Abraham, you will never come back."

She never saw him again.

On the morning of February 11th, 1861, Mr. Lincoln, with his family, left for the East.

His old-time friends and neighbors gathered to say good bye, and a "God-Speed."

With an anxious heart Mr. Lincoln addressed them, and he closed with these words:

"I go to assume a task more difficult than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington.

I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain.

I bid you an affectionate farewell."

To them it was his last farewell.

With dark and gloomy forebodings they journeyed towards the seat of Government that was to become the central stage of four years of tragedies which were to awake and appall the whole civilized world.

It was soon discovered that the most desperate and lawless characters of the South were assembling in Baltimore, and that they had marked Mr. Lincoln for assassination.

With eyes alert he beheld the black clouds above; he understood the power and the passion of the storm gathering below.

A gigantic sin controlled press and

pulpit; and the church of slavery looked Northward with scorn.

A curse, all-consuming, had intoxicated their brain, and, in their frenzy, the Chivalry of the South demanded that the sword's point be dipped in the blood of those daring to defend "THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY," and that the crimsoned steel must write the last decree.

Mr. Lincoln was hurried through Baltimore by stealth, and safely guarded at the Capitol ten days in advance of the inauguration.

Seven States had already adopted ordinances of secession, and were pushing their preparations for war.

He was beset by traitors on every hand; but, with a purpose bent to save the Union, he did not waver, or turn aside from the line of his fixed resolve.

March 4th, arrived, and to the predestined martyr was administered the oath of office amid the muttering thunders of a conflict almost at hand.

His inaugural address was so comprehensive, so fair, and so assuring to the South, pledging them that their every right should be respected; while the Union must be maintained; that it is hard to understand why they persisted in their rebellious course.

He appealed to them in the name of peace and justice and humanity to desist, and he closed with these immortal words:

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war.

The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves, the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to de-

stroy the Government; while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it.

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.

The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle field and patriot's grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the choruses of Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

This appeal, lofty though it was in Christian sentiment, sublime in manly faith, fell upon ears deaf to all reason, and hearts dead to the highest emotions of humanity.

The story of Mr. Lincoln during the next four years is a history of the war itself; and with that you are familiar.

We cannot follow its dark and dismal record in the enforced brevity of an address like this.

The world knows its gigantic proportions, its unparalleled sacrifices, and its immeasurable woes.

More than two millions of the flower of American manhood marched to the music of "Union Forever."

Four hundred thousand were laid down in their last sleep, wrapped in the uniform of blue; while as many more were wrecked in health and crippled with wounds; and over them all "FATHER ABRAHAM" watched and wept; even as loving parent watches weeps over his devoted child.

In the midst of the death-struggle the great North wavered and hope grew dim; when, lo! through camp and

field, and along two thousand miles of battle-lines, there rolled and poured that mighty Anthem, which sounded the doom of human slavery on Freedom's soil, and notified the interfering Nation's that victory was to be ours, with Union the certain goal.

"Mine eye hath seen the glory of
the coming of the Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where
the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning
of His terrible swift-sword:

His truth is marching on.

"I have read a fiery gospel, writ in
burnished rows of steel:

As ye deal with My contemners,
so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush
the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on."

From the moment the feet of Freedom's sons were marching to the music of that song, their hearts throbbing to its sentiments, the world knew that God's hand was guiding the conflict; and that, as was said three thousand years ago, so again it was said: "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

The greatest rebellion of the ages had spent its force, and again this great and good man, with a heart like the heart of the lowly Nazarene, looked out amid the tumult, and over the graves of almost a million slain.

He saw the struggle drawing to a close. He heard the Hallelujahs of a race redeemed—their child-like voices rising from among the smouldering ruins of a crushed and vanquished people, and he gave utterances to these sublime words—words which will endure to the end of time:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness for the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle; and for his widow and orphan—to do all that may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all Nations."

"With malice towards none!"

How like the immortal words of him who said, "Oh, Lord! forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Can human lips pronounce a eulogy so complete as to do him perfect reverence? The ages yet to be shall make reply.

To the South he repeatedly offered the "olive branch." Just so often they rejected it with scorn.

He presented the guarantee of the Constitution. They closed their eyes and cried "war."

He warned them, offering them their last opportunity to retain their slaves. They defied him, and pursued the struggle with renewed vengeance and greater fury.

He struck the shackles from their bondsmen, and he freed the souls of the owners, themselves.

The hand of Divine Providence protected him to the end that he might raise the Nation up to a complete fulfillment of its highest and holiest duty before it was to receive the baptism of his own life's blood.

: Moses led his people out of the perils of the wilderness, and he went up

"from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisga, that is over against Jericho."

He beheld the "Promised Land;" but he was not permitted to enter therein.

Abraham Lincoln led the hosts of Liberty through the storms and perils of war. He stood upon the summit. He looked forward with joyous contemplation.

As the great mountain unfolds its form before the breaking day; so, beyond the rifting clouds, the sad eyes of this far-seeing man beheld a temple of hope, lighted by the beacon-flames of Liberty, and guarded by the strong arm of universal law, its broad foundations laid secure and deep upon the graves of the Nation's dead, its proud structure towering upward into sublimer heights where human achievements are made glorious by the greeting of radiant skies:

All this he saw, and more; but he was not permitted to enter in.

"And so they buried Lincoln? Strange and Vain!

Has any creature thought of Lincoln
hid

In any vault 'neath any coffin lid,
In all the years since that wild Spring
of pain?

'Tis false! He never in the grave hath
lain:

You could not bury him, although
you slid

Upon his clay the Cheop's pyramid.
Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain
Chain.

They slew themselves: they but set
Lincoln free:

In all, the life of his great heart beats
strong—

Shall beat while pulses throb to
 chivalry.
 And burn with hate of tyranny and
 wrong.
 Whoever will, may find him, any-
 where—
 Save in the tomb, not there—he is not
 there. *
 "Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
 Whom late the Nation he had led,
 With ashes on her head,
 Wept with the passion of an angry
 grief:
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith sub-
 lime,
 Till the wise years decide?
 Great Captains, with their guns and
 drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes:
 These all are gone, and, standing like
 a tower,
 Our children shall behold his fame,
 The kindly-earnest, brave, far see-
 ing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not
 blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first
 American." **

Reluctantly we fold the leaves of
 time, and, for a season, we lay them
 tenderly away.

Amid the transparency of the parch-
 ment itself we have looked upon the
 loving face, the kindly features, the
 firm resolution, of him who rose from
 obscurity to the heights of fame—him

*(The author of this poem unknown
 to the speaker.)

**(The closing lines of James Russell
 Lowell's tribute to the First American.)

who sleeps in the arms of eternity—
a Nation's martyred son.

We have knelt at the shrine of patriotism, and we have held communion with its loftiest spirit.

We have inhaled the atmosphere of a glorious epoch, and we feel refreshed and revived thereby.

His immortal words—"with malice toward none"—uttered at the graveside of war's desolation, where "Hearts bowed Down" were mourning for their loved and lost—those words of forgiveness should abide with us all to the end.

This man, of lowly spirit, taught us that the passions of war should perish in the presence of peace.

The purity of his purpose, the power of his brain, and the gift of his eloquent tongue inspired a moral awakening in the great heart of the liberty-loving of every land and every clime.

And when the eyes of the vanquished no longer refused to see the light—when "the mystic cords of memory were touched by the better angels of their nature"—then they looked towards the tomb of him whom they had reviled—him whom they had vilified, fully realizing that their best friend was buried in the grave of Abraham Lincoln.

And so, rejoicing, not mourning, we realize that from the battle-flames of the holiest war Christianity ever knew, there was lighted the beacon-flames which gather and glow in the great watch towers of time to illumine this land of a new life, a new liberty and a new National renown.

And so, in the bright light of to-day, we see this flag of Washington, and of Lincoln, lifted ahigh by the hand of

Grant, his Compatriots, and "THE BOYS IN BLUE," and thrown to the breezes, in victory, at Appomattox. This flag, now radiant with six and forty stars, waving in triumph above the bravest ships that ever furrowed the tractless deep, carrying the glad message of "PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL" to every land along the pathway of the sun.

Already the tidings of their return are heralded to our shores, as the bugle-notes, borne on by the lifted billows, mingling their music with the murmur of the seas, bring to our ears the joyous chimes of "Home Sweet Home"—Home to this free-land, made secure by the faith of him whose name lingers on our lips—Home to these Altars and these Fanes, made sacred by the blood and fortitude of those who rallied around him when duty called.

My Veteran Comrades, in closing, let us reflect for a moment upon the beautiful and inspiring scenes which grace and glorify our land from ocean to ocean, from frozen lakes to Southern, sun-kissed seas.

Instead of the bugle-call to arms, the rolling drums, the ranked lines, the gleaming bayonets, and the battling foe, we behold these symbols of purity and peace, these emblems of courage, of consecration, and of duties fully done.

Our hearts melt, and our eyes overflow, as old visions rise up—as memory clasps hands with hope and contemplation.

And there are none more competent than you, my beloved Comrades—you who "fought the fight and kept the faith," to say, all the glory and all the grandeur of this Republic could

not have been, had not a **Divine Power**
prepared, and a **Divine Hand** led to
the throne of final triumph, and to
the Fanes of immortality, an Abraham
Lincoln.

As love's tribute, let us entwine
around his memory this ballad wreath
of our devotion.

The Pantheon of heroes holds thy
treasured name;

Engraven fair upon the scroll of
fame;

Thou **HEART OF HOPE**, thy words—
they won our lofty cheers;

Thy mem'ry 'bides, and will
throughout the years;

The wisdom of thy wondrous brain,
thy soul sublime—

These—all have brightened with
the years of time;

And, while the centuries shall speed
their onward way,

The light of thy great love shall
greet each glorious day.

